

The New-York Weekly Magazine ;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.]

W E D N E S D A Y, NOVEMBER 16, 1796.

[No. 72.

ON CONVERSATION.

THAT conversation may answer the ends for which it was designed, the parties who are to join in it must come together with a determined resolution to please, and to be pleased. If a man feels that an east wind has rendered him dull and sulky, he should by all means stay at home till the wind changes, and not be troublesome to his friends; for dulness is infectious, and one sour face will make many, as one cheerful countenance is soon productive of others. If two gentlemen desire to quarrel, it should not be done in a company met to enjoy the pleasures of conversation. It is obvious, for these reasons, that he who is about to form a conversation party should be careful to invite men of congenial minds, and of similar ideas respecting the entertainment of which they are to partake, and to which they must contribute.

With gloomy persons, gloomy topics likewise should be (as indeed they will be) excluded, such as ill health, bad weather, bad news, or forebodings of such, &c. To preserve the temper calm and pleasant, it is of unspeakable importance that we always accustom ourselves thro' life to make the best of things, to view them on their bright side, and so represent them to others, for our mutual comfort and encouragement. Few things (especially if, as christians, we take the other world into account) but have a bright side; diligence and practice will easily find it. Perhaps there is no circumstance better calculated than this to render conversation equally pleasing and profitable.

In the conduct of it, be not eager to interrupt others, or uneasy at being yourself interrupted; since you speak either to amuse or instruct the company, or to receive those benefits from it. Give all, therefore, leave to speak. Hear with patience, and answer with precision. Inattention is ill manners; it shews contempt; contempt is never forgiven.

Trouble not the company with your own private concerns, as you do not love to be troubled with those of others. Yours are as little to them, as theirs are to you. You will need no other rule whereby to judge of this matter.

Contrive, but with dexterity and propriety, that each person may have an opportunity of discoursing on the subject with which he is best acquainted. He will be

pleased, and you will be informed. By observing this rule, every one has it in his power to assist in rendering conversation agreeable; since, though he may not choose or be qualified, to say much himself, he can propose questions to those who are able to answer them.

Avoid stories, unless short, pointed, and quite *a-propos*. He who deals in them, says Swift, must either have a very large stock, or a good memory, or must often change his company. Some have a set of them strung together like onions; they take possession of the conversation by an early introduction of one; and then you must have the whole rope; and there is an end of every thing else, perhaps, for that meeting, though you may have heard all twenty times before.

Talk often but not long. The talent of haranguing in private company is insupportable. Senators and barristers are apt to be guilty of this fault; and members, who never harangue in the house, will often do it out of the house. If the majority of the company be naturally silent, or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them who can start new subjects. Forbear, however, if possible, to broach a second before the first is out, lest your stock should not last, and you should be obliged to come back to the old barrel. There are those who will repeatedly cross upon, and break into the conversation with a fresh topic, till they have touched upon all, and exhausted none. Economy here is necessary for most people.

Laugh not at your own wit and humour; leave that to the company.

When the conversation is flowing in a serious and useful channel, never interrupt it by an ill-timed jest. The stream is scattered, and cannot be again collected.

Discourse not in a whisper, or half voice, to your next neighbour. It is ill breeding, and, in some degree, a fraud; conversation-stock being, as one has well observed, a joint and common property.

In reflections on absent people, go no farther than you would go if they were present. 'I resolve,' says bishop Beveridge, 'never to speak of a man's virtues to his face, nor of his faults behind his back;' a golden rule! the observation of which would, at one stroke, banish flattery and defamation from the earth.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*P*A.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.
Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 147.)

I THANKED him, and when he was going to leave me, asked him, "how does our royal hermit do?"

"He ——— is well, and you shall hear from him as soon as the Duke of B——a shall have dispossessed the King of Sp——n of the throne of P——t——l."

"But my old friend——"

"Will soon press you again to his bosom."

"And Amelia?"

"Considering the terms on which you already are with her, you will not be in want of the assistance of my power." So saying, he took a friendly leave of me.

It was indeed high time that the Irishman released me from my engagement, for my stay at Mad——d began to grow extremely irksome to me. An irresistible power urged me to return to her who had enthralled me with magic bonds. My separation from her, and the letters I received from the dear woman, had heated my passion to the highest degree. Her letters, breathing nothing but tenderness and affection, were indeed entirely destitute of that fiery impetuosity of love which characterised mine; however, this was just adding fuel to the flame, which consumed me. I felt that I could not live without her. She did not indeed encourage my hope of getting possession of her hand, yet she did not repel it entirely, and several hints which Lady Delier had given me, served to support it. I was already computing with rapture the effect which my unexpected arrival would produce on Amelia, and made the necessary preparations for my return to her without apprising her of it; however, my soul preceded these preparations, and only the lesser part of it was remaining at Mad——d; no wonder therefore, that the letters of my father, and the Marquis of Ferei*a, which recalled me to Port——l, had no effect upon me.

"I cannot divine," the Marquis wrote to me, "what may have induced your father to return this year to the capital much earlier than usual. However, I can tell you that you will scarcely know him again when you shall see him. Ever since he pretends to have seen the ghost of Count Santeval, he is changed most wonderfully. He is in a state of utter apathy, gloomy and reserved, and I may truly say, superstitious. He avoids, since his late illness, as much as decency will permit, all conversation, even mine. There is but one person who has free access to him, and seems to have possessed himself entirely of his confidence. Let me give you a description of that man.

"Imagine to yourself an elderly man above the middle size, with a long, thin face, a yellow complexion, a strongly-furrowed brow, hollow, small, and red eyes,

"and staring, almost deadened features, which, when he smiles, changes into a kind of grinning. This physiognomy, of which no faithful verbal description can be given, and which has been stamped in a most unfavourable manner by nature's forming hand, is softened by an affected air of piety; however, if examined minutely and narrowly, peeps with increased horrors through the borrowed veil. This countenance appears to me like a dreadful mystery, and I cannot behold it without secret terror. The *tout ensemble* of that man exactly fits this head—a sneaking gait—a stooping neck—a grey coat—but you must and will see him yourself. I hate him from the bottom of my soul, and think that he is not capable of a good action, and that his mere presence must be sufficient to dispel even from the hearts of others every noble sentiment. It would be a mystery to me, how your father can converse with him, if I did not know that he has been blinded by his hypocrisy and devout discourses. That man (he calls himself *Alumbrado*) pretends to be regenerated, and talks a great deal of the gifts of supernatural light. Your father, who takes for sterling truth whatever comes from his lips, seems to be more charmed with him every day. O hasten, my friend, to deliver your father from this ignoble, and, as I fear, dangerous enchantment. I think that an emotion like that which the sight of you after so long a separation, must cause in the mind of your father will be necessary to rouse from his apathy, &c. &c. &c."

My situation rendered this letter, as I have already mentioned, ineffectual. The apprehensions of the Marquis appeared to me exaggerated; his unfavourable judgment of Alumbrado, originating from physiognomical reasons unjust, and uncharitable, and my father old and sensible enough to see and avoid the danger, if any should be existing. I deemed the return to the Countess much more pressing than the journey to P——l, took leave of Oliva*z and Suma*cz, assuring them that the affair concerning the Duke of B——a had been pushed to a point where it soon would come to a crisis without our assistance. They were of the same opinion, and dismissed me in a very obliging manner.

I had already made every preparation for setting out the next morning, when a letter from Amelia and Lady Delier defeated my design. The former informed me that a pressing letter from her uncle, who was on the brink of eternity, and desired to see her once more before his death, rendered it necessary for her to hasten to Cadiz. In the letter of the Baroness, which, amongst others, contained the direction of the Countess at Cadiz, the portrait of Amelia was enclosed.

Amelia's portrait! the image of those heavenly charms, the contemplation of which would afford delight even to angels, and the lifeless imitation of which filled my soul with rapture. O! with what an unspeakable delight did my entranced eyes imbibe them! how did

the sight of him recall to my enraptured bosom all those sweet emotions which the presence of the original had formerly excited in my breast.

This softened the blow which repelled me so suddenly from the port of happiness which I fancied I had almost reached. Alas! this blow inflicted a deep wound on my heart, which at once found all the sweet presentiments of meeting again changed into the nameless throes of a new separation. However, the sight of the picture representing to me the absent darling of my heart, and the secret meaning of that gift gave me some comfort, and inspired me with new hopes. Who else but my Amelia could have sent me that present? Her letter did, indeed contain only a few distant hints, and the picture was enclosed in that of Lady Delier; yet this did not misguide me, for I was too well acquainted with Amelia's delicacy. I resolved now to return to my father, and to prepare him for my union with the Countess.

I acted wisely in surprising him by my sudden arrival, for otherwise he would, probably, not have received me with that kindness to which my unexpected appearance impelled him. No sooner were the first moments of mutual fondness past, when he said, with apparent coldness, "the world must have had very irresistible charms for you?"

"The charms of novelty, my dear father."

"It must have been very painful to you to return to your paternal house; for it seems you had almost forgot your way homeward."

"I had much to see, and have experienced a great deal!"

"I do not doubt it; you have had very little leisure for thinking of your father."

I endeavoured to refute his reproach which I had expected, and succeeded pretty well. The Marquis grew warmer and more affectionate; he enquired after my tutor and Count Clairval. It seemed to wound him deeply that I could give no satisfactory account of the former. With regard to the latter, I told him that important family affairs had called him from me unexpectedly.

My father appeared then not to be in a favourable disposition for listening to an account of my connection with the Countess, and how strongly soever the impulse of my heart pressed me to speak on that subject, yet prudence advised me to wait for a more favourable opportunity. The following morning appeared to me propitious for that purpose. My father was very cheerful, and I contrived being surprised by him with Amelia's picture in my hand.

"What have you there?" he asked me.

"The picture of the Dowager Countess of Clairval."

"How far is she related to your travelling companion?"

"She was married to his brother."

"So young, and already a widow?" said he, looking at the picture; "I should have mistaken it for the

picture of a girl of seventeen years. However, the painters are used to flatter."

"I assure you, the original possesses numberless charms which have escaped the artist."

"Then the Countess must be extremely handsome."

"She is an angel."

"The face is more interesting than handsome."

"Handsome and interesting to an high degree."

"You are in love with her."

"My father—"

"I should be very sorry at it."

"For what reason?" I asked, thunderstruck.

"The young Princess of L****—what do you think of her?"

"I don't like her at all."

"This would grieve me extremely, for I have chosen her for your wife?"

"My heart has already chosen. Your consent, my father—"

"The Countess of Clairval? Never!"

"You don't know her. Her family and fortune are very considerable."

"I hope you will not liken her, in that respect, to the Princess of L****?"

"Not at all! but the amiable character of the Countess—"

"The character of the Princess is without blame. My dear son, consider the splendor and the honour

which our family would derive from that alliance. Consider that you will render me happy by that

union. When you, by my desire, broke off your connection with a certain Darbis, you revived my

hope of seeing you allied to the family of L****; do not thwart my plan by a new love, do not cross my

fondest wishes. You are, indeed, your own master, and may chuse for yourself; you must, however,

not expect my consent and a father's blessing, if you do not marry the Princess of L****. I am sensible

that it will give you pain to renounce the Countess, and for that reason will not press you farther at present.

"I shall not desire you to come to a resolution before the end of seven weeks. Till then do not mention

a word about the matter."

Seeing that I was going to reply, he took me by the hand. "Be a man," said he, "who knows how to

conquer juvenile passions. Gain my regard as you have gained my affection. My life is joyless, do not

make me hate it. My dear son, I have sacrificed much for you, sacrifice now in return a little for your

father!" So saying, he left me.

(To be continued.)

MAXIM.

FALSE appearances of profit are the greatest enemies to true interest. Future sorrows present themselves in the disguise of present pleasures, and short-sighted folly eagerly embraces the deceit.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

REMARKS ON MUSIC.

(Continued from page 140.)

THE monaulos, or single flute, called by the Egyptians *photinx*, was probably one of the most ancient instruments used either by them or any other nation. From various remains of ancient sculpture, it appears to have been shaped like a bull's horn, and was at first, it may be supposed, no other than the horn itself.---Before the invention of flutes, as no other instruments except those of percussion were known, music must have been little more than metrical, when the art of refining and lengthening sounds was first discovered, the power of Music over mankind, from the agreeable surprise occasioned by soft and extended notes was probably irresistible. At a time when all the rest of the world was involved in savage ignorance, the Egyptians were possessed of musical instruments capable of much variety and expression.---Of this the astonishing remains of the city of Thebes, still subsisting, afford ample evidence. In a letter from Mr. Bruce, ingrossed in Dr. Burney's history of Music, there is given a particular description of the Theban harp, an instrument of extensive compass, and exquisite elegance of form. It is accompanied with a drawing taken from the ruins of an ancient sepulchre at Thebes, supposed by Mr. Bruce, to be that of the father of Sesostris.

On the subject of this harp, Mr. Bruce makes the following striking observation. "It overturns all the accounts of the earliest state of ancient music, and instruments in Egypt, and is altogether in its form, ornaments, and compass, an incontestable proof, stronger than a thousand Greek quotations, that geometry, drawing, mechanics, and music, were at the greatest perfection when this harp was made; and that what we think in Egypt was the invention of arts, was only the beginning of the era of their restoration."

Indeed, when the beauty and powers of this harp, along with the very great antiquity of the painting which represents it, are considered, such an opinion as that which Mr. Bruce hints at, does not seem to be devoid of probability.

It cannot be doubted, that during the reigns of the Ptolemies, who were voluptuous Princes, Music must have been much cultivated and encouraged. The father of Cleopatra, who was the last of that race of Kings, derived his title of *Auletes*, or flute player, from excessive attachment to the flute. Like Nero, he used to array himself in the dress of a *Tibiclen*, and exhibited his performance in the public musical contests.

The Greeks are indebted to the Egyptians for their knowledge of music; Homer, the most ancient author unconnected with the sacred writers, has given us very striking descriptions of the efficacy of music. We are told Apollo invented the Lyre, and instructed Orpheus to play upon it. The Lyric and Dramatic poets were all

after the time of Homer, proficient in music, and in all probability contributed much to the perfection of that art in Greece. We are well assured, that in the days of Philip, and his Son Alexander the Great, Music had arrived to its highest degree of perfection. From Greece it made its way to Rome, and from Rome it spread abroad over all the countries of Europe.

A. O.

(To be continued.)

ON CONTENTMENT.

THE world has been often, and properly enough, compared to a theatre, in which men step forth to public view, and act their several parts. These parts are allotted by the Governor of the Universe, who best knows the characters to which we are suited; and it is our greatest wisdom to acquiesce in them, and to endeavour to sustain them with propriety, whilst we are upon the stage of this life.---Happiness is distributed with a more impartial hand than we generally imagine. It consists not in the possession of riches and honours, in outward show and splendor: it is something internal. It is seated in the mind, and if we seek it elsewhere, we shall seek it in vain. The contented peasant in his humble cot is happy with a sufficiency, whilst the greatest Lord in the Universe, in the midst of all his wealth and grandeur, is often a prey to anxiety and discontent. Does not the poor beggar, with all his apparent want, frequently enjoy more real happiness than the rich miser in the midst of his abundance? The latter is continually tormented with the fear of losing his superfluous treasures: eager of adding to his store, he even denies himself common necessities, and leads a miserable life; whilst the former, unmindful of future wants, is heard to sing over his scanty meal. Contentment is a most valuable blessing. It is the sovereign medicine of afflictions. By bearing them with patience and resignation, we in a great measure lessen their weight, and are better prepared to withstand any future adverse stroke of fortune. But instead of alleviating, we only add to our troubles by repining. Often do we wantonly contrive to be our own tormentors, by looking with an envious ill-natured eye, upon the condition of others, or by contemplating only the dark side of our own. Often, too often, do we reject our own happiness, by neglecting every substantial blessing that is within our reach; and court misery, by creating imaginary wants to ourselves, and hunting after some fugitive enjoyment, which, like a shadow, always flies from us in proportion to the swiftness with which it is pursued.

TASTE.

The force of custom, of fancy, and of casual associations, is very great both upon the external and internal taste. An Esquimaux can regale himself with a draught of whale-oil, and a Canadian can feast upon a dog. A Kamtschatkadale lives upon putrid fish, and is sometimes reduced to eat the bark of trees. The taste of rum or green tea, is at first as nauseous as that of ipecacuanha to some persons, who may be brought by use to relish what they once found so disagreeable.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF
THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

With a relation of the most remarkable occurrences in the life of the celebrated Count PULASKI, well known as the champion of American Liberty, and who bravely fell in its defence before Savannah, 1779.

Interpersed with Anecdotes of the late unfortunate KING of POLAND, so recently dethroned.

(Continued from page 150.)

PULASKI, I am ready to obey you: I swear to follow your fortunes, and to participate in your dangers. And think not that it is Lodoiska alone, who has exacted from me this oath: I love my country as much as I adore thy daughter; I swear by her, and before you, that the enemies of the republic have always been, and shall never cease to be mine: I swear that I will spill the very last drop of my blood, to chase those foreigners out of Poland, who reign there in the name of its king!"

"Embrace me, Lovzinski! I now recognise you; I adopt you for my son-in-law—My children, all our misfortunes are at an end!"

Pulaski desired me to unite my hand to Lodoiska's, in token of our union; and we were embracing the brave palatine at the very moment that Titlikan re-entered.

"Good! good!" exclaims the chieftain: this is what I wished; I am fond of marriages. Father, I shall instantly order you to be unbound.

"By my sabre!" adds the Tartar, while his followers were cutting the cords with which the hands and feet of Pulaski were tied; "by my sabre! I shall do a noble action, but it will cost me a world of wealth! Two gran-dees of Poland! a beautiful maiden! They would have produced me a large ransom!"

"Titlikan, such a thought is not worthy of you!" says Pulaski, interrupting him.

"No! no!" rejoins the Tartar, "it is a mere reflection only---it is one of those ideas which a robber cannot prevent.---My brave and unfortunate friends, I demand nothing from you---nay, more, you shall not retire on foot; I have some charming horses, with which I intend to present you.---And, for this lady, if you please, I will give you a litter, on which I myself have been carried for these last ten or twelve days. This young man here had given me such a wound, that I could no longer sit on horseback.---The litter is indeed a bad one, clumsily constructed, by means of branches of trees; but I have nothing except that or a little covered waggon, to offer you: choose which ever of them you please."

In the mean time, Dourlinski, who had not as yet uttered a single word, remained with his eyes fixed upon the ground, while an air of consternation was spread over his countenance.

"Unworthy friend!" says Pulaski to him, "how could you so cruelly abuse the confidence I reposed in you? Were you not afraid to expose yourself to my resentment? What demon blinded you?"

"Love!" replies Dourlinski, "an outrageous love! You, perhaps, do not comprehend to what excess the pas-

sions may hurry on a man, violent and jealous by nature. This frightful example, however, ought to teach you, that a daughter so charming as yours is a treasure which one ought not to entrust to any person.

"Pulaski, I have, indeed, merited your hatred; but I am still worthy of your pity. I have rendered myself exceedingly culpable; but you behold me cruelly punished. I lose, in one single day, my rank, my riches, my honour my liberty! more than all this, I lose thy daughter!"

"O, Lodoiska! lovely maiden, whom I have so much outraged, will you deign to forget my persecutions, your danger, and your grief? Will you deign to grant to me a generous pardon?"

"Ah! if there are no crimes which a sincere repentance cannot expiate, Lodoiska, I am no longer criminal. I would I were able, at the price of all my blood, to redeem those tears which I have occasioned you to shed. Amidst the horrible state to which Dourlinski is about to be reduced, shall he not be permitted to carry with him the consoling recollection of having heard you tell him, that he is no longer odious to you?"

"Too amiable, and until this present moment, too unfortunate maiden! however great my wrongs may have been in regard to you, I have it in my power to repair them all by means of a single word---advance---approach me---I have a secret which can only be entrusted to your private ear: it is exceedingly important that it should be revealed to you!"

Lodoiska, without the least distrust, now leaves my side, and advances towards him without suspicion.

At that very moment I beheld a poniard glittering in the hand of Dourlinski!

I precipitate myself upon him.---It was too late: for I could only parry the second thrust; and the lovely Lodoiska, wounded immediately above the left breast, had already fallen senseless at the feet of Titlikan!

Pulaski, furious at the horrid treason, drew his sabre quick as lightning, on purpose to avenge his daughter's fate.

"No! no!" exclaims the Tartar, at the same time withholding his arm: "you are about to make this wretch suffer too gentle a death!"

"It is well," says the infamous assassin, addressing himself to me, and at the same time contemplating his victim with a cruel joy. "Lovzinski you appeared but now eager to be united with Lodoiska; why do you not follow her? Go, my too happy rival, go and accompany your mistress to the tomb! Let them prepare my punishment: it will appear pleasant to me: I leave you to torments no less cruel, and infinitely longer than mine."

Dourlinski was not allowed to utter another sentence, for the Tartars rushed in upon him, and threw him into the midst of the burning ruins.

* * * * *

What a night! how many different cares, how many opposite sentiments, agitated my unhappy mind during its continuance! How many times did I experience the suc-

cessive emotions of fear, hope, grief and joy ! After so many dangers and inquietudes, Lodoiska was at length presented to me by her father, and I was intoxicated with the dear hope of possessing her :--- a barbarian had but now assassinated her in my presence !

This was the most cruel and unfortunate moment of any during the whole course of my life !---But my happiness, eclipsed, as it were, in a single instant, was not long in shining forth with all its former splendor.

Amidst the Tartars belonging to Titfikan, was one somewhat conversant in surgery. We sent for him ; on his arrival he examines the wound, and assures us that it is but a slight one. The infamous Dourlinski, constrained by his chains, and blinded by his despair, had happily been prevented from giving any other than an ill-directed blow.

As soon as Titfikan was informed that the life of Lodoiska was not in any danger, he prepared to take leave of us.

"I leave you," said he, "the five domestics who accompanied Pulaski ; provisions for several days, arms, six excellent horses, two covered waggons, and the people belonging to Dourlinski in chains. Their base lord is no more ! Adieu ! the day is about to appear ; do not leave this place until to-morrow ; I shall then visit the other cantons. Adieu, brave Poles ! tell to your countrymen that Titfikan is not so bad as he has been represented to them, and that he sometimes restores with one hand what he takes with another. Adieu !"

At these words he lifts his hand to his head, and having saluted us gracefully after the manner of his country, he gives the signal to depart : the Tartars mount their fleet couriers in an instant, pass along the draw-bridge, and make for the neighbouring plain at a full gallop.

They had been gone scarcely two hours when several of the neighbouring nobility, supported by a detachment of militia, came on purpose to invest the castle of Dourlinski.

Pulaski himself went out to receive them : he related the particulars of all that had occurred ; and some, gained over by his eloquence, promised to follow us to the palatinate of Lublin.

They asked for only two days to prepare every thing necessary for the expedition, and actually came and rejoined us at the appointed time, to the number of sixty.

Lodoiska having assured us that she was now able to undergo the fatigues of a journey, we placed her in a commodious carriage, which we had luckily been able to procure for this purpose.

After having restored Dourlinski's people to liberty, we abandon the two covered waggons to them, in which Titfikan, acting with his usual generosity, had left part of his immense booty : this we divided among them in equal proportions.

We arrived, without meeting with any accident, at Polownik, in the Palatinate of Lublin, this being the place which Pulaski had appointed for the general rendezvous. The news of his return having gone abroad, a crowd

of malecontents in the space of less than a month flocked to and increased our little army to such a degree, that we soon found it to amount to no less than 10,000 men.

Lodoiska entirely cured of her wound, and perfectly recovered from her fatigues, had regained her usual spirits, and appeared in possession of all her former beauty. Pulaski one day called me into his tent, and spoke as follows. "Three thousand Russians have appeared, as you well know, upon the heights above, and at no greater distance than half a league from us : take, in the course of the ensuing night, three thousand chosen men, and go and chase the enemy from the advantageous posts which they now occupy. Recollect that on the success of a first attempt depends almost always that of the campaign ; recollect that you are about to avenge your country's wrongs ; recollect too, my friend, that to-morrow I shall learn thy victory, and that to-morrow also thou shalt espouse Lodoiska !" *(To be continued.)*

THE FIERY ORDEAL ;

A JUDICIAL ANECDOTE.

TOWARDS the end of the Greek Empire at Constantinople, a general, who was an object of suspicion to his master, was urged to undergo the fiery proof of the Ordeal by an archbishop, a subtle courtier. The ceremony was this ; three days before the trial the patient's arm was inclosed in a bag, and secured by the royal signet ; he was expected to bear a red hot ball of iron three times, from the altar to the rails of the sanctuary, without artifice and injury. The general eluded the experiment with pleasantry. 'I am a soldier,' said he, 'and will boldly enter the lists with my accusers ; but a layman, a sinner like myself, is not endowed with the gift of miracles. Your piety, holy prelate, may deserve the interposition of heaven, and from your hands I will receive the fiery globe, the test of my innocence.' The archbishop stared, the emperor smiled, and the general was pardoned.

P O W E R.

POWER is no good quality by itself ; it is the Power of doing good, alone, that is desirable to the wise. All vice is selfishness, and the meanest is that which is most contractedly selfish.

Great minds can reconcile sublimity to good-humour ; in weak ones, it is generally coupled with severity and moroseness.

Sublime qualities men admire ; they love the gentler virtues. When Wisdom would engage a heart, she woos in a smile. What the austere man advises with his tongue his frown forbids.

The vulgar-rich call the poor the vulgar : let us learn to call things by their proper names ; the rude and ungentle are the vulgar, whether, in fortune, they be poor or rich.

The truly poor and worthless are those who have not sense to perceive the superiority of internal merit to all foreign or outward accomplishments.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

THOSE in the least acquainted with the private character of the doctor, knew that *economy* and *forethought* were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suite of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged his list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a *chef d'œuvre* once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made, "How so, Jack?" says the doctor. "Why," says Jack, "the duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange *penchant* for a pair of *white mice*; now, as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without *two guineas* to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after promising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude. The doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him, which Jack immediately took to the pawn-brokers, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed; which the other, under such circumstances, very generously sent him.

FUGITIVE TRIFLES.

EVERY species of vice originates either from insensibility, from want of judgment, or from both. No maxim can be more true than that all vice is folly. For either by vice we bring misery more immediately on ourselves, or we involve others in misery; if any one bring evil on himself, it is surely folly; if his present pleasure be to make others miserable, were he to escape every other punishment, he must suffer for it by remorse, or it is a certain proof he is deprived of that sense or sympathy which is the opposite to dullness; in either of which cases, it is evident that all vice is folly.

Whatever pleasures are immediately derived from the sense, persons of fine internal feelings enjoy, besides their other pleasures; while such as place their chief happiness in the former, can have no true taste for the delicious sensations of the soul.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED.

On Thursday the 3d inst. at his Excellency John Jay's, Esq. by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, JOHN LIVINGSTON, Esq. of the Manor of Livingston, to Mrs. CATHERINE RIDLEY, daughter of his Excellency William Livingston, Esquire, late Governor of New-Jersey.

On Saturday evening the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. PETER WARNER, of Boston, to Miss ELIZABETH AMELIA FIELDING, of this city.

On Sunday evening the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. THOMAS LLOYD, to Mrs. SARAH ELLIS, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Ireland, Mr. WILLIAM WATSON, of this city, to Miss JEMIMA HONEYWELL, daughter of Israel Honeywell, Esq. of West-Chester.

On Monday the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ogden, of Newark, Mr. JOHN STEVENSON, of this city, to Miss HANNAH KINGSLAND, daughter of Mr. Joseph King-land, of Second River, New-Jersey.

On Tuesday evening the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, ROBERT LEE, Esq. to Mrs. CAROLINE BETTS, both of this city.

On Friday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Rattoone, EBENEZER BROWN, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss ESTHER ANN WATSON, sister to James Watson, jun. of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 30th ult. to the 12th inst.

	Thermometer observed at		Prevailing winds.		OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.	
	6, A. M.	3, P. M.	6	3	6	3
	deg. 100	deg. 100.				
Oct. 30	46	57	w. do.		clear light wind.	do. do.
31	44	54	w. sw.		cloudy lt. wind.	do. do.
Nov. 1	37	45	n. do.		clear high wind.	do. lt. wd.
2	35	49	nw. w.		clear light wind.	do. do.
3	41	52	sw. w.		clear high wind.	do. lt. wd.
4	43	44	w. do.		cloudy lt. wind.	clear do.
5	47	53 50	w. nw.		cloudy high wd.	cr. lt. wd.
6	45 50	46 25	sw. nw.		clear lt. wd.	do. high wind.
7	32	44	nw. do.		clear high wd.	do. lt. wind.
8	38	50 25	sw. do.		clear lt. wd.	cloudy do.
9	46	48	sw. do.		cloudy lt. wd.	do. do.
10	43 75	56 50	sw. e.		cloudy lt. wd.	do. do.
11	48 75	53	e. do.		cloudy lt. wd.	do. do.
12	43 50	52	n. do.		cloudy lt. wd.	clear lt. wd.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

For October 1796.

	deg.	100:
Mean temperature of the thermometer at Sunrise :	49	18
Do. do. do. 3 P. M.	53	5
Do. do. for the whole month	53	61
Greatest monthly rage between the 25th & 28th	40	
Do. do. in 24 hours, the 25th	24	
Warmest day the 25th.	77	
The coldest do. the 28th	37	
2 Days it has rained, and but a small quantity.		
11 days it was clear at the observation hours.		
11 do. it was cloudy at the same do.		
18 do. the wind was light, at do. do.		
2 do. the wind was high do. do.		
18 Days the wind was to the westward of North and South.		
13 Do. the wind was to the Eastward of do. do.		

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[The Editor is exceedingly thankful to MONIMIA for the three different views of Winter, which she has so beautifully contrasted.—The first is now presented to the admirers of Poesy, the two latter shall follow in rotation.]

THE BELLE'S INVOCATION TO WINTER.

WINTER, dear season of delights,
Of joyous days and brilliant nights!
Oh haste, on swiftest pinions haste,
For summer's lingering hours are past,
And dreary Autumn ready stands
To yield the sceptre to thy hands.
Too long by potent heats subdued,
I've sought refreshment in the wood;
Where dull retirement's drowsy charms
Have raised no bustling dear alarms.
Then winter haste, and bring again
Enchanting pleasure's golden reign:
Oh! waft me on thy snowy wings,
To charming York's bewitching scenes;
Where fashion all her offerings brings,
And dulness never intervenes.

The sprightly dance, the magic song,
Shall then the festive night prolong;
The tragic muse shall lend her aid,
In JOHNSON'S matchless charms array'd;
Or MELMOTH rouse the tender tear,
Now melt in woe—now start with fear;
While every sportive Thalian grace,
In either HODKINSON we trace.

Enticing cards shall next invite
To scenes of ever new delight,
We'll spend the night at dear *vingt-un*,
Retire at two, and sleep till noon.
Now seated in the social sleigh,
To Harlem or the Bridge, away;
While frolic joy usurps the hour,
Unaw'd by form's despotic power;
For though her laws we all obey,
We sometimes love a holiday.

At thy approach, dear winter, too,
The Beaux present themselves to view:
Their nerves by piercing Boreas brac'd,
And summer's languor's all eras'd;
They then, attendant at our side,
Through every scene of pleasure glide;
Admire our drefs, our beauty more,
And (as in duty bound) *adore*.

Since such delights I tasted last,
Near eight insipid months have past;
Each circling hour a dreary void,
Despis'd, neglected, unenjoy'd:
But when the heart in transport swims,
How light, how active are the limbs!
And fashion's mutable commands
Finds business for the head and hands.
Then, Winter, haste thy golden reign,
And bring those halcyon days again.

MONIMIA.

THE COMPLAINT.

OF has the splendour of a court,
Where wealth and elegance resort,
And bliss ideal reigns;
Midst sparkling gems and brilliant toys,
Been deem'd inferior to the joys
Which sport on rural plains.

But ah! our share of bliss below,
Bears no proportion to the woe
That rankles in the heart:
For all the happiest man can boast,
Is but a partial bliss at most—
A happiness in part!

Say, has that God, whose word from high
With orbs unnumber'd gem'd the sky,
And bade the waters flow;
In mercy, or in wrath, decreed
That ev'ry heart by turns must bleed,
And taste the cup of woe?

Tho' what we wish attend our pray'rs,
A something yet the joy impairs,
And spreads a dark'ning gloom;
Our fears are ever on alarm,
And always point to future harm,
Which yet may never come.

Let Casuists inform me why
Our bliss is tainted with alloy;
Why mingled thus with woes?
For such the fate of all our joys,
That what most ardently we prize,
We always fear to lose.

ADDRESS TO A FAVOURITE CANARY BIRD.

SWEET Bird! devoid of ev'ry care,
You feel no idle rage
To wander in the fields of air;
You're happy in your cage.

You cheerful hop, and plume your wing,
And all your wants assuage;
Pick up your food, and drink and sing,
And revel in your cage.

Your heart no female charms allure,
No vain desires engage;
And many evils, I endure,
Are strangers to your cage.

Tho' free to rove, I cannot find,
On life's disastrous stage,
Such calm content and peace of mind,
As rest within your cage.

Then well you may your song pursue,
With ill no war you wage;
And Kings, my Bird! may envy you
The blessings of your cage.